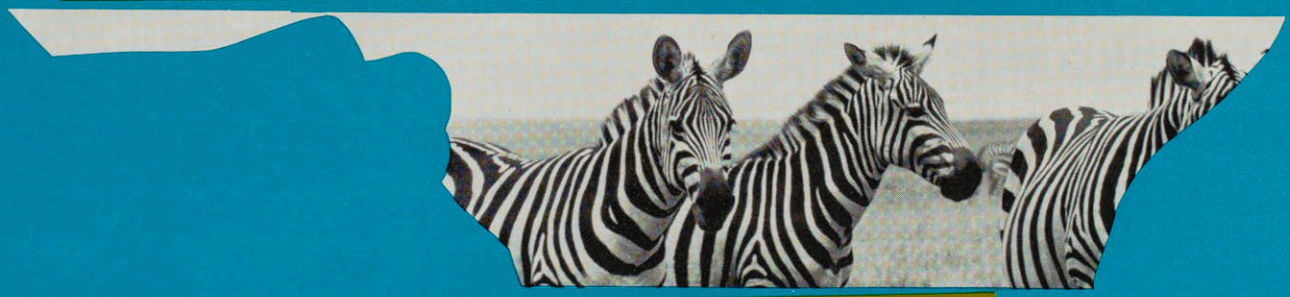
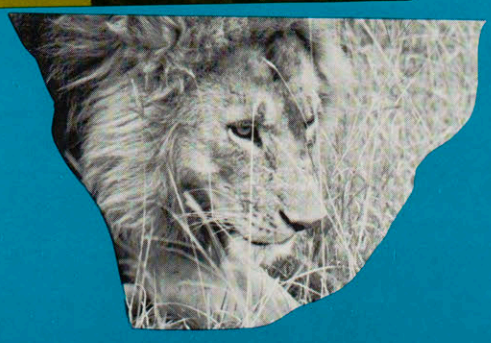
MUSEUM ALLIANCE

QUARTERLY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
VOL. 5 NO. 3
WINTER ISSUE 1967

Through Africa by Cage





FOR YOU!

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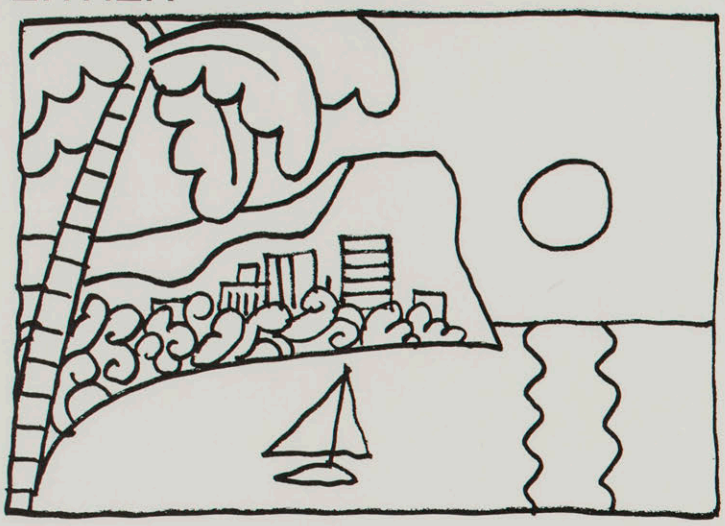

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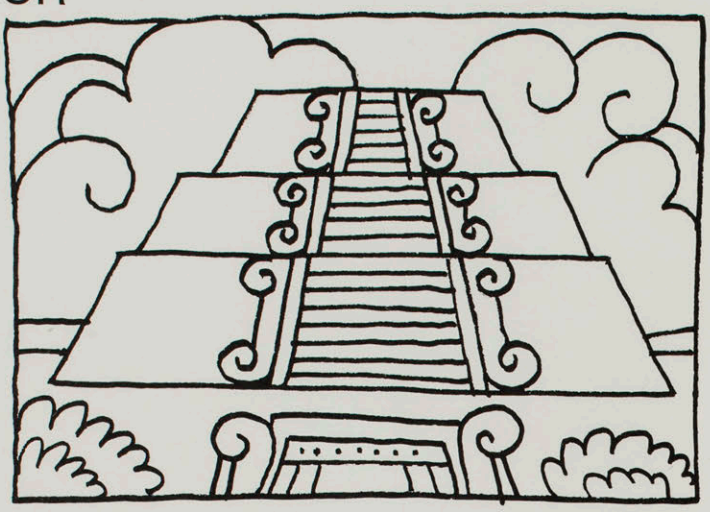

The Museum Alliance invites you to take an active part in our second annual membership drive.

Our Museum is growing and Alliance membership must grow with it to assure its continuing support of museum goals.

The contest is open to all members of the Museum Alliance, current or brand new, except employees of the Alliance, and the officers and directors of the Alliance who with members of their families are excluded from this contest.

Contest opens February 15, 1967 and closes May 15, 1967.

FIRST PRIZE:

A round trip for two to Mexico City **or** Honolulu to be arranged for by Zenith Travel Service.

SECOND PRIZE:

A gorgeous natural Russian sable boa.

Other valuable prizes will be announced later. Watch your Calendar and special mailings for details.

As you obtain new members advise the Museum Alliance office by telephone (749-3631 or 749-2583) or mail, and they will be credited to you in a special "account." Credit will be given for Active or above categories of membership only. Winners will be judged on total number of memberships obtained.

SPECIAL PRIZE:

A round trip for two to San Francisco aboard Air California and supper at the Blue Fox will be given to a **new** member whose name will be selected by lot from names of all **new** members signed up during the contest. A similar prize will be awarded to the person responsible for the membership of the above special prize winner.

Satisfied customers make the best salesmen. Please show your approval of Museum Alliance programs and goals by bringing us many new members. Good luck and good "hunting."

Active	**$10.00**
Contributing	**$25.00**
Supporting	**$50.00**
Sustaining	**$100.00**
Life	**$1000 single payment**

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QUARTERLY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY
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Through Africa by Cage

by **Gretchen Sibley**
Museum Education
Specialist

A beautiful black maned lion walked casually through the dry grass and over the rolling hills, followed by eleven members of his pride. We looked down on them from the protection of our "cage"—a Land Rover.

Three of us stood in the open hatches and watched the great cats moving gracefully just a few feet behind the car. Suddenly one stopped and looked at the three of us. This was a curious thing—he would investigate. Muscles tightened, legs bent, an intent look apeared in clear yellow eyes. He was ready to spring! Hope sat down and Phyl and I stared helplessly, unable to lift and close the heavy doors on top of the car. Suddenly another cat padded in front of him, distracting him, and he walked a few feet, turned again to watch us and finally strolled away across the hill. We breathed normally once more, sharing the relief of a nearby herd of zebra who had also kept anxious eyes on their enemy.

We were in the land of wild animals—East Africa, composed of Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda, the last area on earth where great herds wander, free and protected from man. It is full of vast zoos of uncaged animals and man must pass through to enjoy them in his own cage, a car. We had come to Africa again to study, photograh and collect for the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History.

Two weeks before we had walked out of the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi to join our luggage lined up on the curb. Suitcases, food boxes and photographic equipment were being carefully packed into the Volkswagon minibus that was to be our cage during the following weeks. At the edge of town we began to see the mammals and birds that would provide an endless source of amusement, amazement and interest through 2,500 miles. Across the Athi plains we found many ostrich, wildebeest, zebra, Grant's gazelle and dozens of different kinds of birds. We rose to hills covered with low bush and flat umbrella trees. South towards Tanzania at Namanga River we spent our first night in a comfortable lodge, in company with a cockroach, a June bug and an assortment of other creatures. A friendly lizard spent his night running over our walls feeding on mosquitoes. We passed a restful night unharmed because of his work.

After a hearty breakfast we departed to find Sarababid, a young Masai warrior friend of Ted and Phyl Ryde, English friends who were escorting us on our journey. We found Sarababid along the road with a group of Masai women selling lovely bead ornaments. These beads are strung on wire and formed into intricate designs for the fascinating wide necklaces and interesting ear ornaments and bracelets worn by both men and women. An elderly Masai concerned with my lack of adornment thoughtfully provided me with a wide necklace and swaying beads so I can now perform African dances properly.

Sarababid was a round and handsome young man with hair plastered down with red mud, erect body covered with an ochre robe hanging from

We forded the river
five times that day.

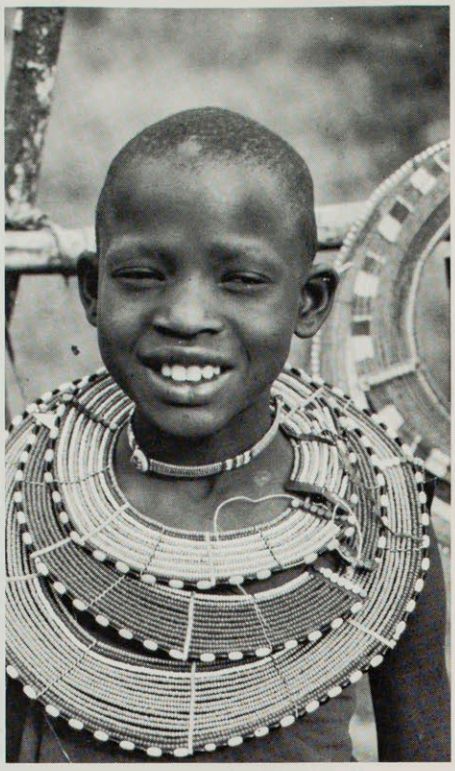
Samburu guard on the
northern frontier of Kenya.

one shoulder, with colorful bead necklace, ear rings, bracelets, leg rings and a long spear in hand. The red ochre comes from the bark of the fever tree and is found on everything used by the Masai. Sarababid joined us and directed us down the road and across a field to his village. The village elders came out to meet us and Ted conferred with them for about fifteen minutes in Swahili. They were satisfied with us and we were permitted to visit the village. Within the protective enclosure of thornbrush were a number of low mud homes covered with cow dung and set in a cleared area also covered with cow dung and FLIES! Friendly people poured out, also covered with their typical mantle of red mud, cow dung and flies. Under our protective covering of insecticide we conversed by gestures, photographed, distributed candy and shooed flies. These people count their wealth in cattle which they bleed from the jugular veins and mix the blood with sour milk for food. They live their simple nomadic life in proud disregard of European ways. For them, to be born a Masai is the ultimate that life can offer.

These friendly people all trouped out to watch us as we left. Ahead of us, down the road, Mt. Kilamanjaro's rugged snowy top looked down from above the fleecy white clouds. The darkness of Mt. Meru rose on the other side of the road and hid its top in the same cloud bank. We continued around Meru and ascended its sloping sides. As we climbed, dry bush gave way to soft green grass and dense forest. Mountain streams crossed the rough road and yellow fever trees reached high into the sky. We passed brightly clothed Meru Africans gathered to exchange products and gossip. Along the road we stopped to allow another group to move cattle. The only vehicle we passed in all this way was an ancient truck full of Africans. It was paintless, engine exposed, breathing steam and burning oil. As long as a machine can be wired together it is used in Africa.

Our destination was Momella Game Reserve, a new one, located in the rain forests of Mt. Meru. We traveled up to Ngurdoto Crater by twelve miles of tracks so difficult that it took over an hour. We had tea—biscuits, thin sandwiches and cake, water boiled over canned heat—in the jungle of a rain forest bordering the deep crater. The crater spread far below—a carpet of green dotted with herds of elephant, buffalo and antelope and flocks of startlingly white egrets. As we ate, pied crows and a colorful tree toad joined our tea party. Afterwards we walked through the forest while baboons played in the trees above and the black, white fringed faces of colobus monkeys played hide and seek with us from high in the branches. Underfoot, army ants traveled in a great mass across the ground. Since I was collecting African ants again I picked up a few—a task made difficult by their aggressiveness and unwillingness to be separated. Stung and bleeding we entered our cage and continued on our way.

The main building of the
Mt. Kenya Safari Club



Beads and gourds sold by a
young Masai maiden.

South of Meru we visited a lovely open air African market in the town of Arusha. I bought more Masai beads and I can now outdress any Masai! We had secured permission to take photographs in the market and spent some time wandering about. Somehow I managed to become separated from the others and continued on taking movies as I walked. Finally a young woman became annoyed when I took pictures of her wares. Before I knew it a large crowd had gathered—all talking and gesturing in my direction. What did one do without the proper language to explain and Ted and Phyl nowhere in sight? Quickly I zoomed my telephoto to make a telescope of my camera and allowed the women to look through it. That turned the tide and we had a gay time looking at magnified friends and neighbors. We became so friendly that I now have two beautiful Masai tobacco pouches and a gourd in which to carry my mixture of sour milk and cow's blood.

In the bush we began seeing animals once again. We were now in the area where great herds of animals roamed over the land. Our first sight of one of these herds was unforgettable. As we moved around a hill we came upon more than a hundred zebra accompanied by a very small herd of wildebeest. The animals were very active and we spent a long time watching, photographing and following their rapid movements. They seemed to flow over the land, turning and twisting, fanning out and flowing together, standing at attention and again melting into a gray shadow quickly moving through the dry grass. The wildebeest broke away, awkwardly gamboling on stiff legs, swishing their hairy black tails like windmills. Finally the zebra swirled over the distant hill, for a moment sharply silhouetted against the blue sky and disappeared from sight.

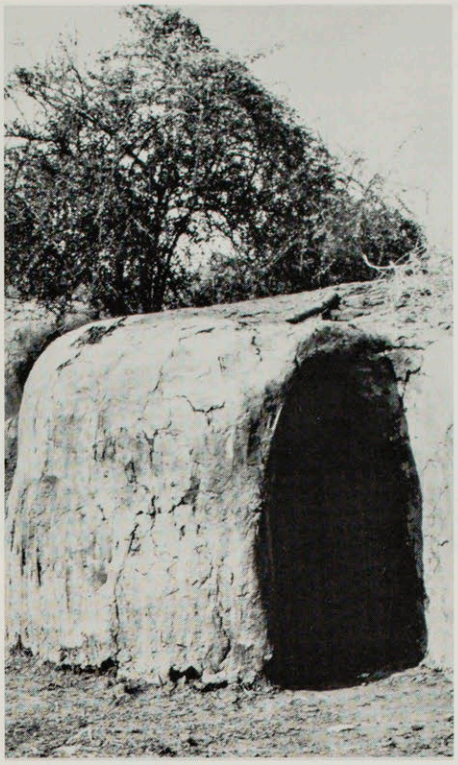
Continuing on we neared the lake, passing huge gray ant hills and chunky baobab trees with arms stretched bare and gnarled to the sky.

Hotel Manyara sits on the escarpment looking over Lake Manyara. At one time the lake extended up to the bottom of the escarpment; but it has now receded leaving a dense rain forest in some spots and light forests in other areas broken by open meadows and with grass along the shore. From the hotel one can look down on the varied colored tree tops massed together, meadows dotted with animals, the misty lake, with blue and lavender hills and mountains stretching into the horizon.

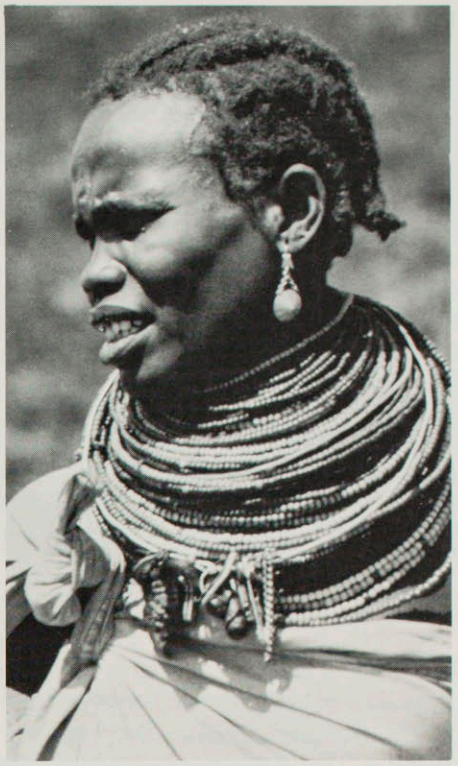
This soft and pleasant scene belies the harshness of Africa. As night fell animals sounds rose, the grunting snorting hippo, wild baboon screams, the roar of hunting lions and many other sounds strange to our untrained ears.

For three days we traveled along the lake. At one point we passed an enormous herd of African buffalos. They all stopped and all heads turned to look at us.

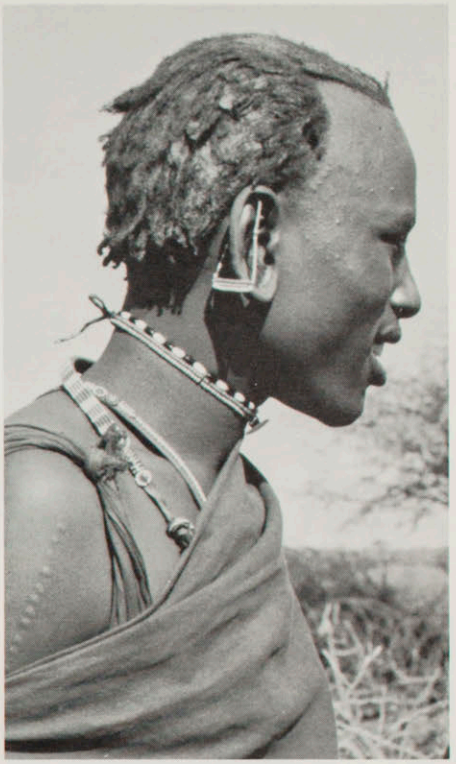
Thorn trees here are large and thickly branched and make ideal playgrounds for busy baboon troups. Their odor greeted us many yards down the



A Masai home covered with mud and cow dung.



Samburu woman with braided hair and many beads.



Sarababid, our Masai warrior friend.

road as we approached cautiously and watched the acrobats. Up and down the branches, down to the ground and up again, playing leap frog along a bare branch, high in the tree to rest a second, back again to join the gang. Father grumbles and snaps and all is quiet, but not for long and the chase is on again.

We enjoyed a picnic lunch along the shore of the lake amid a beautiful scene framed by lovely trees and bush. We had time to find and photograph harlequin patterned insects, to collect fat termite grubs from a mud home and to observe the beautiful gold crested crane and yellow billed stork perched precariously on stilt-like legs.

We continued our journey for the main object of our search—the famous tree lions. These are no diferent from other lions, they just like to sleep in trees rather than on the ground and as we fought off the dive-bombing horse flies we appreciated their choice of bed. There must be twenty thousand trees beside Lake Manyara and we examined most of them when we suddenly saw a tufted tail hanging from a tree far off the road. We drove under the tree, opened the top and gazed at two lovely lions, male and female, sound asleep with bodies stretched along strong branches, legs and tails dangling and fat stomachs bulging over the branches. It was a photographer's field day and the models just did not care. Eyes would half open and close again, the male raised his head to survey the landscape and dozed again. Silly excited humans weren't worth any attention!

In three days we had seen no cars. Except for the rough track there was no evidence of man. There was a feeling of oneness with nature as if from such a place as this man rose. The handsome beasts, their unconcern with us, the drama of life and its simplicity, the tangled bush and shining lake pulled us into the distant past. But now we had seen our lions and it was time to go. We traveled a hundred miles more of rolling hills and bush which rose gradually to forest and thick clouds and came up the side of Ngorongoro Crater to 9,000 feet.

Standing in front of Ngorongoro Crater Lodge, the clouds quickly rose and the sun revealed the golden fields stretching across the twelve miles of crater floor two thousand feet below us. A lake mirrored the moving clouds and binoculars spotted thousands of grazing herds of zebra and antelope.

But it was freezing cold at the crater top, and we spent the rest of the day in our cabins curled up in front of a log fire kept burning twenty-four hours each day. That fascinating fire defied science. At nine thousand feet in the Andes we had not been able to keep a fire going even with added gasoline. In Africa it burned brightly with wet logs so soaked that water ran out of one end. I suspected our cabin boy to be a witch doctor!

The rough narrow auto track into the crater required a Land Rover the next morning. Descending from the clouds, the crater floor lay bright in the sunlight, flat to the lake and rising

The chicken boy with fur hat and brass bell earrings led the dancers.

Safari ants cross our path.

beyond to low hills and then to the rosy sides of the crater stretching above to the clouded edge.

Before us a spotted hyena tore at the head of a wildebeest, no doubt the remains of a lion kill. Three vultures hopped about, wings spread, hoping for a share. The hyena stopped and lunged at them and then back to the kill. An approaching jackal was too much and the hyena bore his prize off through the grass. The lions were ready to rest from a busy night. We went close and cameras clicked.

A light forest rose beside one end of the lake and elephants stood half covered in bushes, feeding on the trees and blowing dust over their backs. We drove past to lunch in a small green meadow. Masai live in the crater, undisturbed by the animals. Several joined us for lunch! The birds also came along for their share and the Masai became very much interested in my bird book. They recognized the colored pictures of many birds and found great enjoyment in looking at them.

The morning was cold and overcast at the crater when we departed for Serengeti. Patches of flat umbrella trees spread out along the road and we came on an occasional Masai village protected behind its thorn bushes and perched on a hillside. This was the home of the most ancient of men—Olduvai where Dr. Leakey struggled for many years. We took the side road to visit the famous site. A young African eagerly took us to the site. He had witnessed the discovery of 1,750,000 year old Zinjanthropus and gave a dramatic account of the event. The drab dry land took on a new meaning as we lived in imagination the life of early man.

We were off again across the plains to Serengeti. Low dry grass now melted into the mirage of a lake in the distance and at last we came to the unimposing entrance to Serengeti—a small hut and sign. We stopped under a thorn tree and enjoyed lunch with the horse flies! One never lacks companionship in Africa, though insecticide helps preserve some degree of privacy.

The lodge at Serengeti is primitive but comfortable. Grass covered huts housing humans hug the sides of a great mound of rocks housing hyrax and leopards. The leopards feed on the hyrax. The hyrax came down to us for bits of food but, fortunately, the leopards were not so easily attracted.

The days investigating the Serengeti were filled with driving along rough tracks, across the grass, beside pools or streams and viewing tens of thousands of animals. We took an armed guide with us who couldn't be parted from his rifle. Tommy gazelles dashed across our path, twitched busy black tails and turned to watch the strange caged animals,—us! Topi moved with bobbing heads and hyenas skulked through the dry grass. Handsome secretary birds and Cory bustards stalked with dignity across the plains. Curious giraffe peeked over trees and bushes to watch our movements.

Resting at the lodge we fed the birds and marveled at the brilliant colors of the starling, barbet and weaver. The birds are the jewels of Africa. The brilliant and iridescent coloring cannot be imagined. One day our African waiters called me excitedly to the kitchen. On a thornbush outside the door was a beautiful speckled green turret-eyed chameleon. As I reached for it a great chorus of protest came from the men. To them the chameleon is magic, powerful, poisonous and dangerous and used only by the witch doctor! I hesitated, looked at the harmless fellow and then picked him up. He turned one eye on me and one on the men and I am sure my audience expected me to be struck dead. Instead he became my victim as I got out my movie camera and turned him into an extremely slow moving star in my Afri-

The dangerous turret-eyed monster!

Caught in the sand!

can movie before I released him to his favorite thorn tree.

The main highway across the border to Mara in Kenya is an interesting track of ninety miles which takes six hours to cover. Antelope, zebra and giraffe watched the progress of our moving cage, which was uninterrupted until an elephant pushed a tree across the road. Making the best of this we cleared a way around the obstacle and sat down for a picnic lunch along the road.

Miles from nowhere, Mara has the loveliest new lodge in East Africa and for the first time in many days we laid aside field clothes for more civilized attire for dinner. It is a constant surprise to find pleasant and satisfying meals, knowing that food at Mara had to travel over two hundred miles by truck.

I found a small vervet monkey in attendance at my door the next morning and I guessed what he was there for. He quickly and gently took three cookies from my hand and I left him sitting on the grass quietly munching his breakfast. Touring the area we followed lions all morning through the tall yellow grass. Once the car went into a hole and I never saw two Africans move faster than the two who jumped out of our car, pulled it from the hole and jumped back in before mother lion noticed them!

A monkey and lions in the morning; and after lunch we had elephants in our garden! For three hours we watched seven of them feeding on the trees.

The hills of Mara are filled with game. Zebra, giraffe and topi feed together, lions rest under the trees and the hippos and crocodiles float lazily in quiet rivers. We studied footprints in the mud along the river and watched the hippos watching us, disappearing and re-appearing with bubbles and snorts at the water's surface. Our armed guide always followed close behind on these short excursions when we walked away from the safety of our cage.

We reluctantly left the pleasantness of Mara and spent a day crossing the Rift valley to Lake Naivasha. Again we saw memorable scenes: reeds and boats and pond lilies stretched across the cool quiet water as the rugged Abadare mountains silhouetted their pastel pattern across the blue sky. We bird-watched for hours until the sun set and the cold winds drove us to the comfort of the ancient hotel. In the old English atmosphere, I felt that I had dropped back into Terance Rattigan's play, "Separate Tables." The hotel was full of retired English widows, each at her own table with an occasional old English gentleman nearby to balance the picture. After dinner, we all sat properly in a circle in the lounge for coffee until one by one the elderly shuffled off to bed.

Our English friends have a six thousand acre estate in the highlands near Thompson's Falls and we stopped there for a few days to "rest," and wash away African dust. Even there it was well to stay "caged," as a herd of touring elephants from the Abadares enjoyed the trees down by the river and an occasional leopard wandered through to feed on the great abundance of antelope.

The Nandis who live on the land and love any occasion to dance came to dance for us. Dressed in their best beads and leather and led by the chicken boy in fur hat and brass bell earrings, they chanted and swayed their way through the rain dance—and it rained! But not before the children joined the festivities and played soldiers and "baboons in the garden" in costumes of rabbit skins and sacking. All were rewarded with candy, oranges, Pepsi-cola and our grateful thanks.

We left early in the morning for the Northern Frontier of Kenya. From the rich country at eight thousand feet we

Resting after dinner.

dropped to the dry warm wasteland at three thousand feet near the frontier town of Isiola. It was as if we had been transported back to a wild western town of the middle eighties in the United States! Wooden stores and bars with covered porches had sprung up in a clearing with the dusty road passing through. Open markets attracted Samburu women dressed in dirty cloths, dozens of necklaces and with heads shaved except for a mohawk strip down the center. This hair was braided in tiny braids and allowed to hang to the shoulders in disarray. The Somali women, in contrast, wore billowing and colorful gowns and bright kerchiefs on their heads. Men lounged along the road and gathered in the market to talk. Armed guards patrolled and at their station we presented our pass to travel north. The Shifta, Somali bandits, were everywhere and one travelled with care. A bombed bridge caused us to ford the river and we traveled slowly through ruts and holes along the main highway to Somaliland and Ethiopia.

At Archer's Post we turned aside to Samburu Lodge, a rustic affair built on the river (which we had already forded five times to reach the lodge). It was surrounded by high fences and manned by more armed guards. We weren't sure whether to fear man or beast and didn't ask.

We had come to this country to see the lovely narrow-striped Grevy's zebra and the reticulated giraffe and dik dik and many more and we were delighted to find them in wonderful condition passing in review as we bumped along the dusty roads each day. Some of the "rivers" were dust and we safely navigated each one except the last where the back wheels sank deeper and deeper and a half hour was spent pushing. A friendly and curious giraffe moved around for a better view of this unusual activity and watched till we made it out.

Two large herds of elephant each with fifty or more adults and young gave us fascinating times as we watched them play in the river and feed along the road. Our last sight of them came late one afternoon as a herd crossed the road and disappeared into the bush. One young fellow of about three months suddenly spotted us and decided he had found some playmates. He dashed down the road toward us, feet flying in all directions, ears flapping and trunk swaying from side to side—now for some fun! Suddenly, as though mother had said "Sonny, we don't know those people" he turned and disappeared under the trees.

That night after dinner and a long visit on the porch, we started into the dark for our cabins, unattended as we expected. But as Hope and I went alone, an African covered with overcoat and slouch hat, bearing a three-foot club, suddenly stepped out of the darkness and walked at our heels. He couldn't speak English and we could not speak Swahili. He followed us to our cabins and disappeared and we discovered he was apparently not after us but after a leopard loose in camp. That was a relief—almost! It was a busy and noisy night because the monkeys had no doubt about who was after whom and talked about it all night long at the tops of their noisy voices. By morning the leopard was gone and the camp was back to normal.

We had saved the most opulent till last and came back out of the wilds to the lush highlands of Kenya and the posh spot of Kenya—the Mount Kenya Safari Club spread out in all its loveliness across the foot of Mt. Kenya. This was high living for any country and after Samburu we spent two days in luxury.

The sun was bright, but the Kenya clouds gathered for much needed rain and as the sun pushed in again with two lovely and complete rainbows stretching across the mountain there were two pots of gold! And we had found them both in our two summers in the glories of East Africa.

MUSEUM BOOK STORE

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by Edwin Deakin

Special Museum Edition:
58 pages; 23 full color pages
Edited by Ruth I. Mahood;
Additional texts by Paul Mills and Donald C. Cutter
Produced by the Staff of the History Division

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A collection of Pre-Columbian Artifacts: Balls, Whistles, Rattles, Stamps and Musical Instruments, etc.

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THE TYRANNOSAURUS SEARCH GOES ON

by **J. R. Macdonald**
Senior Curator
of Vertebrate
Paleontology

The Museum began a search last summer for the skeleton of the great late Cretaceous carnivorous dinosaur, **Tyrannosaurus rex**, the King of the Tyrant Lizards.

This search for the 75,000,000 year old beast was instigated and financed by Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon, Jr. Mr. Sesnon is the Chairman of the Museum's Board of Governors.

We selected Mr. Harley Garbani of San Jacinto, California, a long time associate of the Museum, to lead the search and organize our field parties for the invasion of Dinosaurland. Eastern Montana (where early in the century the American Museum of Natural History in New York found their skeleton) became the starting point for our project. I reported that Summer's operation in the **Quarterly**, Winter Issue, 1965-66, in an article, "The Search for the King of the Tyrant Lizards."

The 1965 party did not find a **Tyrannosarus** skeleton, only scattered teeth and skeletal fragments. They did find a great deal of scientifically interesting material which greatly enhanced the Museum's reference collection. One of these was the jaw of a large Cretaceous Opposum. This was lent to Dr. Clemens at the University of Kansas who is working on the mammals of the late Cretaceous Hell Creek and Lance formations. Dr. Clemens reported that this was an outstanding specimen and will describe it in a scientific paper he is preparing.

Vi Garbani found a gigantic **Triceratops** skeleton. This great horned dinosaur had a skull seven feet long which is almost a record catch. In addition to the skull there was a vertebral column, (less the tail), the pelvis, some ribs and part of one front leg. Several weeks were required to excavate this skeleton and prepare it for shipment to the Museum. After Harley's return, Mr. Sesnon's interest and generosity enabled us to put Harley to work full time during the Winter and Spring preparing the great skull. This involved chipping away the hard rock encasing it and carefully separating the pieces where the skull had been broken in the ground. When Harley left for the 1966 field trip, the skull was brought into the Museum for final preparation. By the time this is published, it should be on exhibit. Harley is now working on the vertebral column and pelvis. Another preparator, Mary Odano, (see, "Dig that Horse Heaven." the **Quarterly** Fall Issue, 1966) is reconstructing the missing leg bones. We hope that the entire skeleton will be ready for exhibit in about a year.

If you remember last year's article, I closed by telling you of two leads on duckbilled dinosaurs (Trachodons) that Harley had found. One of these was a juvenile or "teenager" about six feet long with the head, one arm, a leg, and the tail exposed. The other was an adult with one foot and several feet of the tail exposed on a hillside. There was a picture of Harley and me looking at this tail, mislabelled "trail," in the article. This gave us a start for the 1966 Summer; the digging crew began excavating as soon as they arrived in the field this year.

In mid-June, when the Spring rains were about done, the hunting party and the digging party headed for Jordan, Montana, and the Summer's work. The 1965 Summer was the year of the 100%-over-normal rains; the 1966 Summer was a dry one, so our Museum people helped the local ranchers fight a series of prairie fires.

Harley and Vi renewed the search for **Tyrannosaurus.** This year the Garbanis lived the **Good Life** while in the field. The Airstream Corporation loaned the Museum a new seventeen foot trailer for their use during the Summer. Tent camping has been a traditional way of life for fossil hunters since the job was invented. Trailer living simplifies life in the field and saves the fossil hunter the time and energy for hunting that is usually devoted to camp maintenance. Tenting presents many problems in this Great Plains region, particularly because of the violent winds and afternoon and evening thunderstorms. With this wonderful trailer to live in, life became so simple that all of the Garbani efforts could be concentrated on hunting and digging.

The writer has some very strong views on the subject of tents, especially when used in the stormy and windy Great Plains. I am firmly convinced that the average commercial camping tent is designed and constructed by retired tailors from Brooklyn whose only exposure to the Great-Out-Of-Doors was a dayboat excursion up the Hudson River during their youth. When the pilot model is completed it is erected in a loft, the office fan is turned on, and it is gently sprinkled with a flowerbox watering can. If it neither leaks nor blows down, it is marketed for use in the wilds of the world.

With the establishment of a permanent camp, Steve Wright and his diggers began the excavation of the Trachodons. The big one turned out to be a magnificent find. We had high hopes when we examined the exposed tail last year, but exposed tails have a habit of coming to an abrupt end without leading to anything. It was the nearly complete skeleton of a large adult, one that had measured some thirty feet long in life. The skeleton was completely articulated, just as though the living animal had laid down on its left side and gone to sleep. The last five feet of the tail and the right arm and shoulder girdle (the arm that was exposed on the top) were gone. The tail segment had been removed by erosion, and the arm and shoulder probably were carried off by a carnivorous dinosaur; there was a section of ribs missing, suggesting that somebody had been feasting on the carcass—**Tyrannosaurus**? Burial took place soon after death as the skeleton was undisturbed, and any prolonged exposure would have resulted in a scattering of the bones. There were fish remains associated with the skeleton, suggesting it was buried by a flooding river. The weight

Steve Wright is using the electric jack hammer on the right hind leg of the large Trachodon. The photographer was standing by the head looking the length of the body. The rib cage is in the foreground, the pelvis and tail are opposite Steve.

Harley shows Vi a foot bone of a **Tyrannosaurus** at the door of the 17′ Airstream trailer lent to the Museum for the Summer's work in Montana.

of the overlying sediments crushed some of the massive leg bones, but otherwise the skeleton was in nearly perfect condition. There are indications of skin impressions around the feet, and along the back are many ossified tendons—about the diameter of your little finger. This is the best dinosaur skeleton I have ever seen from the late Cretaceous of the northern plains.

Steve had a series of helpers during the brief season. His final pair was Steve Odano and Mike Gray, two high school age volunteers who have been working Saturdays in the Vertebrate Paleo preparation laboratory. They had cut their digging teeth on the **Pliomastodon** skeleton we obtained from the Circle C Ranch near Beaumont, California, in the Spring of 1965 (see the first two photographs in "Fossils are for Digging," the **Quarterly**, Spring Issue, 1966) and in the Hagerman, Idaho, fossil horse quarry (see "Dig that Horse Heaven," the **Quarterly**, Fall Issue, 1966) so they were ready to tackle one of the big ones, and tackle it they did with vim and vigor. When I met them at the Miles City, Montana airport, this was their only comment on the plane trip from Los Angeles via Salt Lake City and Billings, Montana; "The planes kept getting smaller and smaller."

Vi and Harley's searching this Summer produced another **Triceratops** skull, to be collected next year; the partial skull of a medium sized carnivorous dinosaur, possibly a young **Tyrannosaurus**; another Trachodon skeleton, this one scattered and somewhat broken up, but one which may be worthy of collecting when the heavy overburden is removed and it is further investigated next year; and various interesting specimens for the reference collection, including **Tyrannosaurus** foot elements.

Our **Tyrannosaurus** skeleton is still pretty elusive. He's leaving clues enough to show that we are working the right area. It's just going to take some more of the famous Harley Garbani luck to bring him to bay.

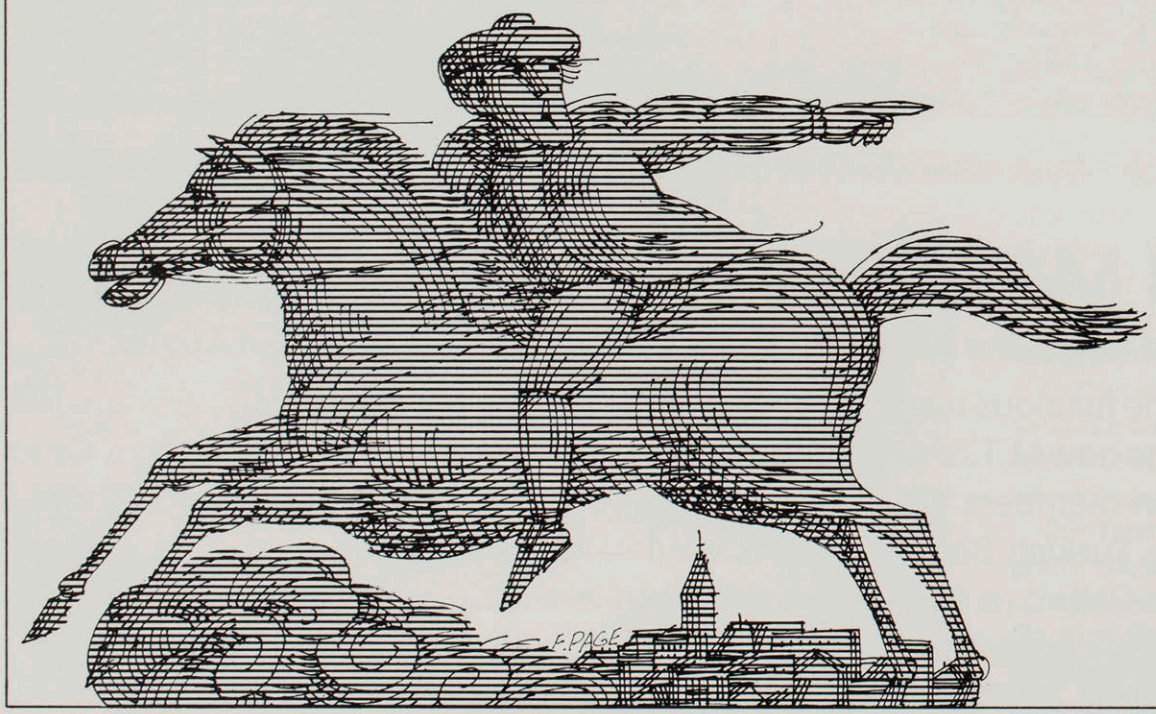
YOU CANNOT DIE ON DELOS
NO ONE HAS SINCE APOLLO

BUT YOU MAY VISIT DELOS...an island only for the living, which floated free in the Blue Aegean until anchored for the birth of Apollo.

And Delos is only one luscious isle to be visited on the Voyage Into Antiquity, the museum alliance cruise on the new M.T.S. Argonaut, leaving April 21 from Naples for 28 days. Open to members and non-members alike, the cruise will cover North Africa—Greece and the Greek Islands—the Turkish Shores of Asia Minor—the Dalmatian Coast—the Aegean, Ionian and Adriatic Seas...a few reservations are available due to cancellations. Call Zenith Travel Service—Area Code 213, 389-1231...or hurriedly write 3755 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90005. Cruise limited to 160.

Listen, my children and you shall hear...

by **Russell E. Belous**
Curator of
Western History



Californians have often been accused of a provincial attitude in their historical research. While California authors must plead "guilty" to their generous offerings of works on the missions and the gold rush, it must be admitted that the West has not been blessed with an oversupply of those dramatic historic events which, for generations, has stirred the imagination of millions of Americans in the East.

The History Division's long-planned American History Hall (see Museum **Quarterly**, Winter 1965) hopefully will correct this inequity and, in addition, will show how California and the West played a necessary role in the history of our country. Readers of the **Quarterly** will also recall that one link with the East was established with our Joseph Warren Revere Collection (Spring, 1961). His grandfather, Paul Revere, eluded us, however, until earlier this year. On February 8, 1966, a small pickup truck with Connecticut license plates stopped at the Museum's shipping entrance. From Squash Hollow, Connecticut to Los Angeles, it had carefully carried one object—a bell.

But this was a special bell; it bore the name, "Revere and Son, Boston, 1811." Of the 398 bells known to have been cast in Boston's North End Foundry of Paul Revere and Son between the years 1792 and 1828, a recent survey revealed that not over a baker's dozen of these remain in use or, indeed, are to be found at all. Cracking, which could have been avoided by proper hanging and care, has taken away many; fire an equal number; recasting to fit a new steeple or church accounts for a few.

A number of Revere bells, perhaps as many as one-third, were made for mills, factories and plantations and have become long since lost in the advances of commercial progress. It was thus with special pride and good fortune that the Museum's Board of Governors authorized the purchase of this rare example of the work of one of America's great craftsmen and patriots, Paul Revere. His bell, still mounted in its original weatherbeaten wooden cradle, now hangs temporarily in the foyer. It will later be included in the Colonial section of the American History Hall, housed in a replica of the church belfry in which it has seen service for over 100 years.

It was a spring evening in May that Paul Revere entered the following in his account book: "May 28, 1811. Mitchel, Esq., South Parish. Bridgewater. 932 lbs @ .42 $391.44"—and this is how the first part of our story began.

The citizens of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, a town founded in 1656 just 27 miles south of Boston, had purchased a bell for their parish meeting house. The bell served from 1811 to 1845 when it was re-hung in the new (still standing) First Congregational Society-Unitarian Church. Almost without incident did the bell sound forth for 109 years. (A small hairline crack did appear about 1914. Its use for church and civic functions was not curtailed, however, but in later years, "efforts were made to keep the youngsters from getting carried away ringing the bell on Halloween, July 4th, football victories, and the like.")

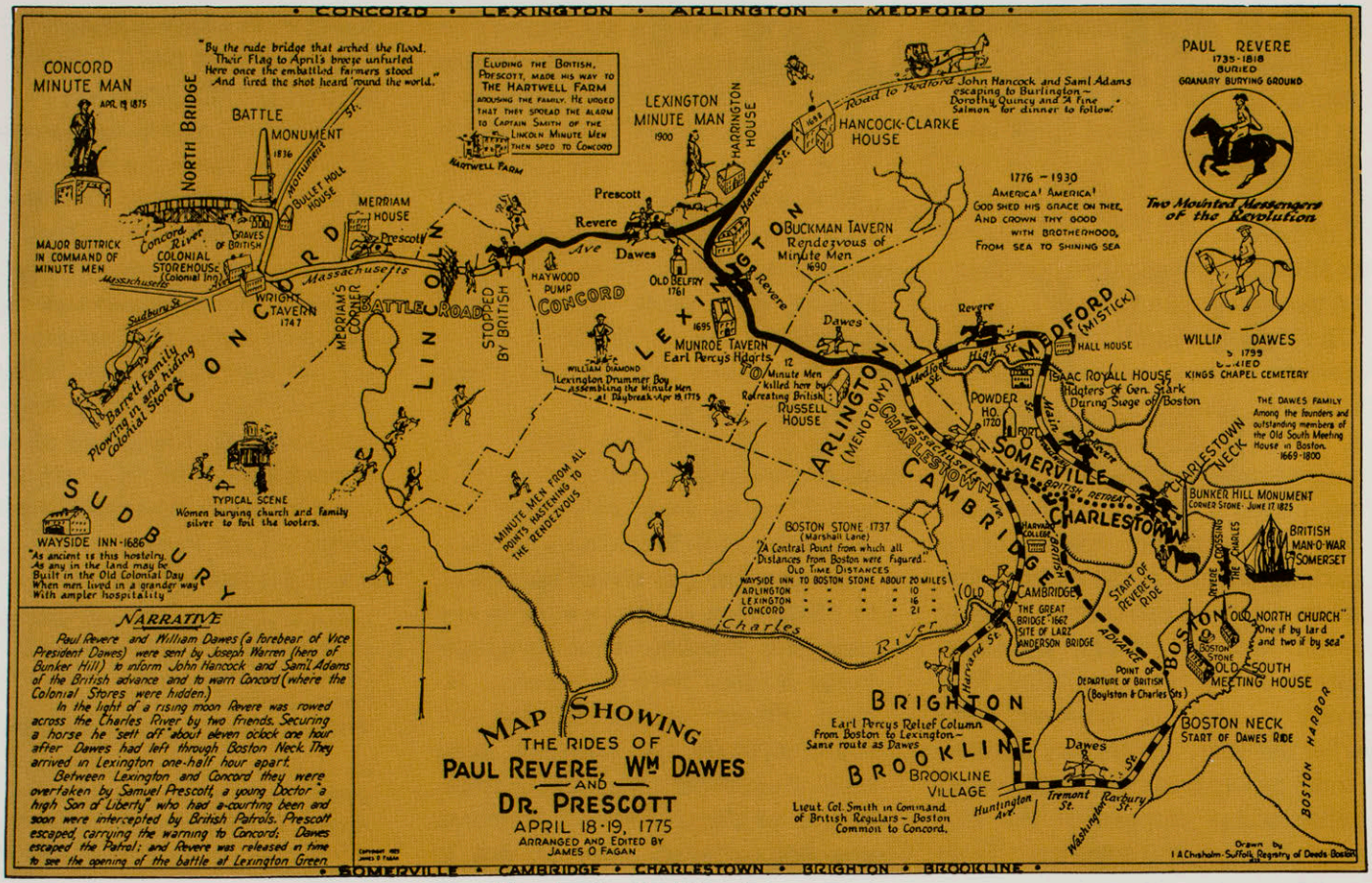
Then, on August 31, 1954, Hurricane Carol demolished the church's steeple and belfry. The bell was fortunately undamaged in the fall, having landed on the soft, rain-soaked earth. A committee was quickly formed to raise funds to restore the historic steeple. This effort failed and in 1960 the bell was purchased by Mr. Phillip S. Justice of Denver, Colorado. Justice's interest in American history stemmed from his childhood in Philadelphia and from the fact that one of his ancestors, Philip Syng, Jr., was a recognized silversmith and compatriot of Paul Revere. Five years later the bell was acquired from the Justice estate by Mr. Norm Flayderman, a New Milford, Connecticut "purveyor of antiquities." It was offered for sale to the History Division in December, 1965 and negotiations for its purchase were ended by the following telegram: "NEW MILFORD CONN . . . PAUL REVERE RIDES AGAIN BELL SAFELY PLACED ABOARD TRUCK 1115 AM THIS DATE AND NOW EN-ROUTE LETTER FOLLOWS . . ."

An historic object, such as our bell, is in a real sense more than the sum of those raw materials from which it is made—and this is the second part of our story. What of the man who designed it and supervised its casting? I suppose my first real introduction to Paul Revere was in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In this group of stories, published in 1863, is a tale of vigorous action and movement, a patriotic ballad—**Paul Revere's Ride**. Its beginning is familiar to most of us:

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
on the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five,
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

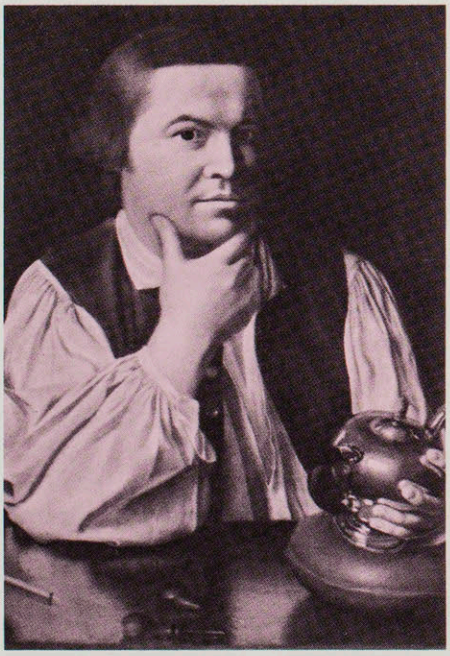
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfray arch
of the North Church tower as a signal
light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm..."

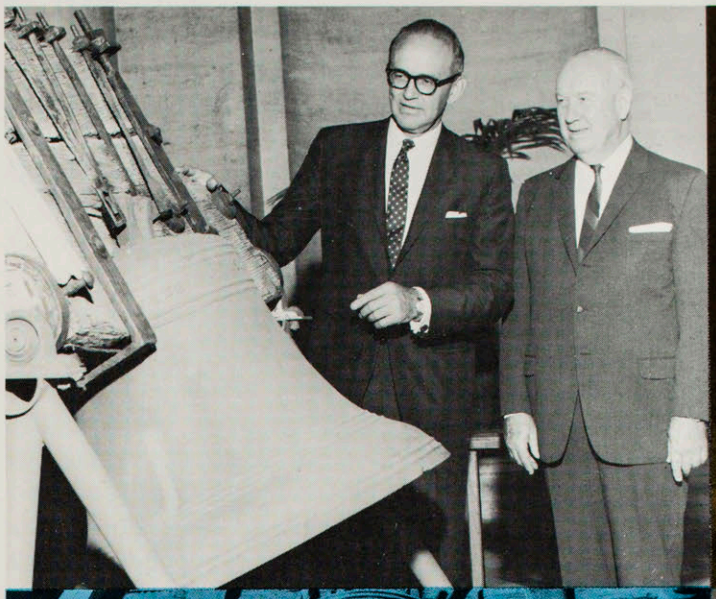
Most American heroes of the Revolutionary period are by now two men, the actual man and the romantic image. Some are even three men—the actual man, the image, and the debunked remains. Paul Revere has not suffered so much from the debunkers. Although it has been rumored that he never took his ride and it is now well known that he engraved (but did not draw) his pictures, about the worst that has been said of him is that he was really a "middle-aged goldsmith on a stout plough horse"—which is not very bitter. His reputation divides into pre- and post-Longfellow periods. By 1860 Paul Revere's ride had already taken a legendary form, and it had almost become a poem in search of a poet. (However, if Longfellow had followed Revere's account, already published at least twice, it is unlikely he would have made the mistake of


CONCORD • LEXINGTON • ARLINGTON • MEDFORD •
CONCORD MINUTE MAN
APRIL 19 1875
"By the rude bridge that arched the flood. Their Flag to April's breeze unfurled Here once the embattled farmers stood And fired the shot heard 'round the world."
NORTH BRIDGE
BATTLE MONUMENT 1836
MONUMENT ST.
BULLET HOLE HOUSE
MERRIAM HOUSE
Prescott
Concord River
GRAVES OF BRITISH
COLONIAL STOREHOUSE (Colonial Inn)
MAJOR BUTTRICK IN COMMAND OF MINUTE MEN
Massachusetts
WRIGHT TAVERN 1747
Sudbury St.
Barrett family Plowing in and hiding Colonial Stores
MERRIAM'S CORNER
BATTLE ROAD
STOPPED BY BRITISH
CONCORD
LINCOLN
SUDBURY
TYPICAL SCENE
Women burying church and family silver to foil the looters.
WAYSIDE INN-1686
"As ancient is this hostelry, As any in the land may be Built in the Old Colonial Day When men lived in a grander way With ampler hospitality"
ELUDING THE BRITISH, PRESCOTT, MADE HIS WAY TO THE HARTWELL FARM ADJOINING THE FAMILY. HE URGED THAT THEY SPREAD THE ALARM TO CAPTAIN SMITH OF THE LINCOLN MINUTE MEN THEN SPED TO CONCORD
HARTWELL FARM
LEXINGTON MINUTE MAN 1900
HARRINGTON HOUSE
Road to Medford John Hancock and Saml Adams escaping to Burlington — Dorothy Quincy and "A fine Salmon" for dinner to follow."
HANCOCK-CLARKE HOUSE
Hancock St.
Prescott
Revere
Dawes
Ave
HAYWOOD PUMP
OLD BELFRY 1761
BUCKMAN TAVERN Rendezvous of Minute Men 1690
1776 – 1930 AMERICA! AMERICA! GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE, AND CROWN THY GOOD WITH BROTHERHOOD, FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA
PAUL REVERE 1735-1818 BURIED GRANARY BURYING GROUND
Two Mounted Messengers of the Revolution
WILLIAM DAWES 1799 BURIED KINGS CHAPEL CEMETERY
LEXINGTON
1695
MUNROE TAVERN Earl Percys Hdqrts.
12 Minute Men killed here by Retreating British
RUSSELL HOUSE
William Diamond Lexington Drummer Boy assembling the Minute Men at Daybreak-Apr 19 1775
MINUTE MEN FROM ALL POINTS HASTENING TO THE RENDEZVOUS
ARLINGTON (MENOTOMY)
MEDFORD (MISTICK)
HALL HOUSE
ISAAC ROYALL HOUSE Sidders of Gen. Stark During Siege of Boston
THE DAWES FAMILY Among the founders and outstanding members of the Old South Meeting House in Boston. 1669-1800
POWDER HO. 1720
FORT
SOMERVILLE
CHARLESTOWN NECK
BUNKER HILL MONUMENT CORNER STONE - JUNE 17 1825
CHARLESTOWN
BRITISH MAN-O-WAR SOMERSET
BOSTON STONE 1737 (Marshall Lane) "A Central Point from which all Distances from Boston were Figured."
OLD TIME DISTANCES
WAYSIDE INN TO BOSTON STONE ABOUT 20 MILES
ARLINGTON 10
LEXINGTON 16
CONCORD 21
CAMBRIDGE
THE GREAT BRIDGE-1662 SITE OF LARZ ANDERSON BRIDGE
Charles River
Harvard St.
START OF REVERE'S RIDE
BOSTON
BOSTON STONE
"OLD NORTH CHURCH" "One if by land and two if by sea"
OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE
POINT OF DEPARTURE OF BRITISH (Boylston & Charles Sts)
BRIGHTON
Earl Percys Relief Column from Boston to Lexington — Same route as Dawes
BROOKLINE
BROOKLINE VILLAGE
BOSTON NECK START OF DAWES RIDE
Lieut. Col. Smith in Command of British Regulars — Boston Common to Concord.
Huntington Ave.
Tremont St.
Roxbury St.
Washington St.
BOSTON HARBOR
NARRATIVE
Paul Revere and William Dawes (a forebear of Vice President Dawes) were sent by Joseph Warren (hero of Bunker Hill) to inform John Hancock and Saml Adams of the British advance and to warn Concord (where the Colonial Stores were hidden.)
In the light of a rising moon Revere was rowed across the Charles River by two friends. Securing a horse he "sett off" about eleven o'clock one hour after Dawes had left through Boston Neck. They arrived in Lexington one-half hour apart.
Between Lexington and Concord they were overtaken by Samuel Prescott, a young Doctor "a high Son of Liberty" who had a-courting been and soon were intercepted by British Patrols. Prescott escaped, carrying the warning to Concord; Dawes escaped the Patrol; and Revere was released in time to see the opening of the battle at Lexington Green.
MAP SHOWING THE RIDES OF PAUL REVERE, Wm DAWES AND DR. PRESCOTT
APRIL 18-19, 1775
ARRANGED AND EDITED BY JAMES O FAGAN
Drawn by I A Chisholm-Suffolk Registry of Deeds Boston
• SOMERVILLE • CAMBRIDGE • CHARLESTOWN • BRIGHTON • BROOKLINE •

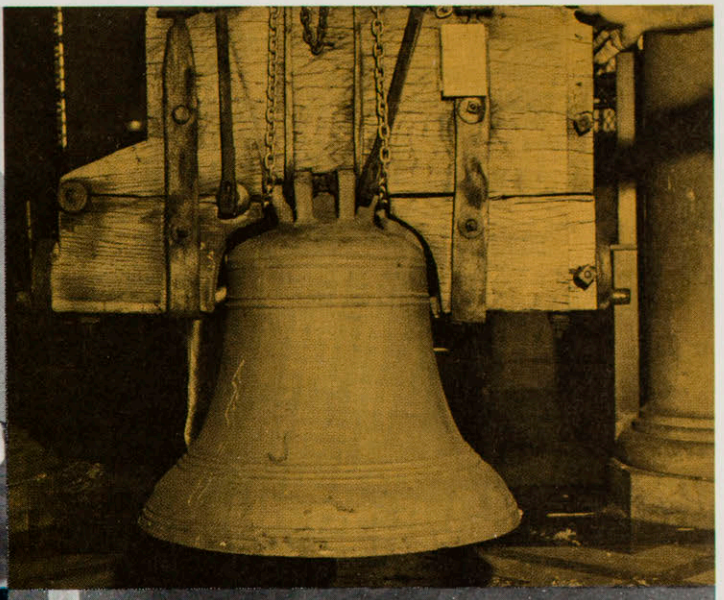
Map showing the rides of Paul Revere, William Dawes and Dr. Prescott, April 18-19, 1775. Courtesy "A Guide at a glance of Historic Boston" by Robert Winn.

Painting of Paul Revere by John Singleton Copley, ca. 1765. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

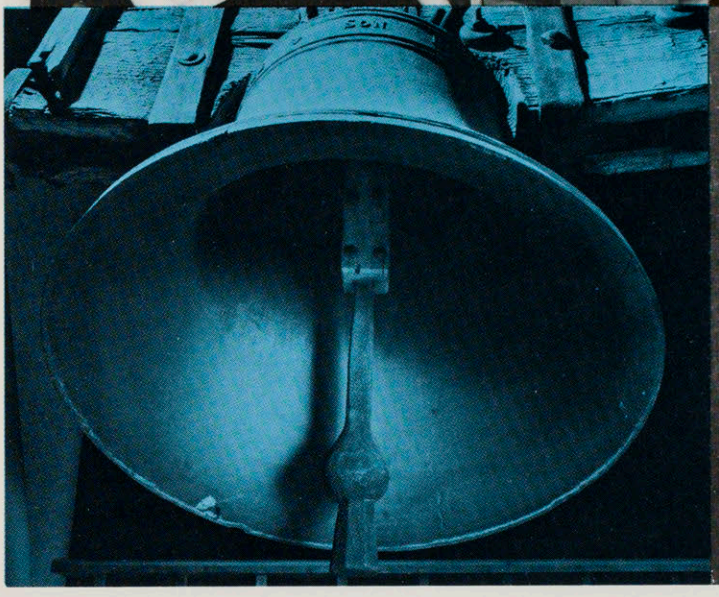




Listening to the first ring of the Paul Revere bell in the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History are, left to right: Mr. Ed N. Harrison and Mr. C. V. Duff.



Shows bell ready to be lifted onto a pipe frame support. Notice the original New England white oak yoke attached to the bell by wrought iron straps and bolts manufactured in the Revere foundry.



This view shows the original iron 25 pound clapper.

Painting of Paul Revere "spreading the alarm." By John Quidor. Courtesy University Art Collections, Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona.

placing Revere on the wrong side of the Charles River and bringing him all the way to Concord.) Longfellow's poem, published at a time when the pressure of the Civil War had created a demand for popular heroes, was the catalyst for the sudden acclaim of Paul Revere. Even though it came nearly 50 years after his death, this acclaim was neither invented nor misplaced. Although Revere did not, as is often rumored, make a set of false teeth for General Washington, his energies and accomplishments were many. He had the good fortune to live in Boston, the center of revolutionary Whig activity; he had a quiet, earnest dedication to liberty and freedom; and, above all, Paul Revere was a superb craftsman.

Esther Forbes, Revere's principal biographer, has documented well his multi-varied life. Born in Boston, January 1, 1735, he had committed himself to the "cause" by 1766—when he engraved a print asking for the repeal of the Stamp Act. Revere's famous print of the Boston Massacre, in 1770, provided the Whig political machine with excellent anti-British propaganda. Three years later he participated in the Boston Tea Party and, in 1775, Revere engraved the plates, made the press and printed the bills of the paper money ordered by the provincial congress of Massachusetts. By this date, he had already ridden many thousands of miles for the revolutionary Committees of Safety, who had for some time been keeping close contact with each other by means of mounted men on fast horses.

By the spring of 1775, the British began to wake from hibernation in their Boston den. General Gage had been ordered by the King to seize the considerable store of rebel powder and arms which had been collected in Worcester and Concord. So the stage was set for **the** ride of Paul Revere. He and William Dawes were sent by Dr. Joseph Warren (later, the hero of Bunker Hill) "to go to Lexington and inform Mr. Samuel Adams and the Honl. John Hancock . . . of the British advance to take them, or go to Concord, to destroy the Colony stores."

On the night of April 18, 1775, Revere was rowed across the Charles River, slipping by the English frigate **Somerset**, stationed there to keep men like Paul Revere in Boston. In Charlestown he met Colonel Conant and others who had seen the two signal lanterns shown from the Old North Church (actually, Christ's Church) steeple. "One, if by land, and **two, if by sea**." The British were leaving Boston by water. Securing a horse from Deacon John Larkin, Revere "set off" about eleven o'clock for Lexington. He escaped a British patrol and a little past midnight, he found Adams and Hancock at the home of Reverend Jonas Clark. In the meantime, Dawes had taken the longer land route through Boston Neck, Roxbury and Cambridge. He met Revere at the Clark home and together they were off for Concord. They were soon joined by a Dr. Prescott (by now, riders were off in all directions) and about halfway between Lexington and Concord, the three were intercepted by British patrols. Dawes and Prescott escaped but Revere, after severe questioning, was taken back toward Lexington where he was released. Later, after accompanying Adams and Hancock part way to Woburn, Revere returned to Lexington. From a chamber window in Buckman Tavern, on the morning of April 19, he watched the British approach . . . "I saw and heard a gun fired . . . then . . . two guns, and then a continual roar of musquetry . . ." The battle of Lexington Green had begun. And of Concord, later that day, they would write: ". . . Here once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard 'round the world."

As Paul Revere is known for his ride, he is as respected for his craftsmanship. What with his hours at church, his duties as master of Saint Andrew's, and activities with the Sons of Liberty, his heavy domestic responsibilities (twice married, with 16 children), the variety, amount and quality of his work is impressive, especially in today's highly specialized world. He could clean your teeth or make a pair of spectacles and lenses; he made clock faces, sword hilts, engraved dog collars and baptismal basins; the best silver in America came from his shop and he could cut you a copper plate of anything from a mouse to John Hancock.

In 1788 Paul Revere, who until then had not cast anything of baser metal than silver, set up an iron foundry on the tip of North Boston. "We have got our furnace agoing," he wrote jubilantly, "and find it answers our expectations." Although many of his castings were various gadgets used by shipbuilders, he also made stoves, hearths, anvils and forge hammers. It was characteristic of Paul Revere that he did not work long in simple iron castings. Although he made a great many brass cannon, his reputation as a foundryman was in the extremely tricky art of bell-casting. His first effort was for his own church. It turned out to be "panny, harsh and shrill," and its most impassionate admirers could say little for it except that it excelled in calling people out for fires. It was always, however, a "good strong bell" and now rests quietly in Saint James's Church in Cambridge. Revere was now ready to make a bell for every steeple in New England, for Savannah, Havana, Quebec, or Kentucky, and this is almost what he and his son, Joseph Warren Revere, eventually did. Luckily for Paul Revere's reputation, the largest and most famous of all his bells still hangs in the stone tower of King's Chapel, Boston. Cast shortly before his death in 1818, it is considered a "brilliant bell" with a "unique and charming sequence of harmonic effects." Considering the comparatively few bells of his that yet can be heard today, it is fortunate that this, his masterpiece, is still in service. So Boston has not yet entirely lost its voice, even though it has given Los Angeles a new one—a bell inscribed: **Revere and Son, Boston, 1811.**

When Natives Aren't Natives

by **George H. Spalding**
Superintendent,
Los Angeles State
and County Arboretum
and **Glenn H. Hiatt**
Assistant Superintendent

Most of the flowering trees in California aren't natives. Like the human species they come from many places and wear varied ornamental faces. Just as transplanted Californians love to brag that after ten years they are natives, California flowering trees have adapted so well that they presume to pretend.

The fact remains, however, that many of these flowering trees come from faraway places such as South America, Australia and Asia, with some from Europe and Africa. It's no wonder that Californians travelling in Japan or South America or Africa feel so at home. "Why, just look at all those California trees," they say chauvinistically, putting it just backwards, as all well-trained Californians do. With apology to the Chamber of Commerce, it is hoped that this article will straighten them out.

We also would like to sort out a few of these trees for Californians at home, and tourists. Inundated as we are by constant streams of visitors who ask, "What do you call that beautiful tree?" we'd wish that more people had an accurate answer.

One lady we know tells us she solved the problem by making up Latin names for everything, which works well unless the visitor truly wants to know, or understands Latin. Another simply calls everything a eucalyptus something-or-other, feeling that there are so many varieties of same that she's bound to be partly right about half the time.

A visit to the Los Angeles State and County Arboretum would be a helpful way for the interested neophyte to begin to learn. Here one can see examples of the flowering trees in their own habitat areas. And since one of the main functions of an Arboretum is plant introduction, here one may see those trees which the Arboretum is directly responsible for introducing or re-introducing. And hopefully, in the not-too-distant future, visitors may identify flowering trees, as well as other flora, at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. The Museum is now in the process of designing a Botany Hall.

Now, let's define a flowering tree. It is a woody plant, usually with a single trunk, growing to 15 feet or more in height, with conspicuous and attractive flowers. The most popular ones originated in areas with considerably more rainfall than we have in Southern California. Even so they are noted for their high rate of survival and the ease with which they have adapted to the unnatural conditions, ecologically speaking, of this area today.

It has been widely advertised that Southern California has a Mediterranean climate; it has been billed as the Riviera of the United States. This is true insofar as the weather is concerned, in that there are warm summers with little or no rainfall and cool winters with rainfall. But the environment has been tampered with by man, so that we now have warm summers with irrigation and cool winters with rainfall and supplementary water when rainfall is inadequate. This has caused a noticeable increase in humidity during the summer. It also has created, in cultivated garden and park areas, unfavorable, if not fatal, conditions for many plants actually native to Southern California and other Mediterranean climate areas of the world. The native vegetation of these areas is basically sclerophyllus, or chaparral as it is called here in Southern California, and would not be expected to contain plants of the type and stature usually referred to as Flowering Trees. But man and irrigation have changed all that.

Laymen are not prone to Latin genus and species names for plants and trees. Yet Spanish names of baseball players like Jose Cardenal and Orlando Cepeda are as strange and foreign as a Latin name for a flowering tree—and no one seems to have trouble with those.

It should be a matter of interest and pride to learn the names of our "so-called" flowering natives—and then a little more about them. We will now list a few of the most common Southern California flowering trees, along with a bit of their history:

ERYTHRINA, Coral Tree. We start with the beautiful coral tree because it has been designated the official tree of the City of Los Angeles; no one specie has been designated as each specie, although similar to the other, has its own beauty and demands for culture. This large genus of ornamental trees and shrubs has supplied Southern California with several spectacular flowering trees which have come from widely separated parts of the world. Coral trees are pollinated by small birds; Flower-peckers, Bulbuls and Sunbirds visit the freshly opened flowers in the early morning to drink the sweet nectar that collects around the base of the stamens. Pol-

Cassia leptophylla

len carried on the bird's body, sometimes his head, to other flowers pollinates these trees. Various of the species include:

Erythrina caffra, a brilliant orange-red flowered tree, is a stunning sight when in full bloom in spring. It is a broad spreading tree reaching a height of 30 feet or more rather quickly. It has been effectively used in the center strip of San Vicente Boulevard, from Wilshire to the Ocean, in Santa Monica. This tree, which furnishes heavy shade nine months of the year, is from South Africa.

Erythrina humeana, or Natal Coral, is illustrated with this article. You can see its lovely flowers borne in numerous small spikes literally covering the tree. It blooms in late summer or fall and is another of the multiple-trunked trees which give so much character to the landscape. It also is a native of South Africa.

Erythrina coralloides is called Naked Coral or Naked Flame Tree because of its blooming habits. It is deciduous when in bloom during early spring so that scarlet flowers show to

Erythrina humeana

Chorisia speciosa

good advantage. It is one of the species with thorns, and is probably adaptable to the widest area in Southern California. It is a native of Mexico, is hardy to about 27° and grows to 20-30 feet.

Erythrina crista-galli, the Coral Bean Tree, Cockspur or Cockspur Coral Tree, is the hardiest of the Southern California Erythrinas. Its flowers vary from pale salmon-pink to deep red, and for best bloom must be cut back hard each year. It is a native of Brazil.

MELALEUCA LINARIFOLIA, Snow in Summer. A bee tree, apiarists know the tree as "Flax-leaved Paperbark." It is a native north and south of Sydney, Australia and the bloom is of value for the nectar and pollen utilized by the bees in making up their colony numbers. The wood of this tree is valued for pilings because it resists rot. In mid-summer it is a mound of beautiful snowy blossoms.

Stenocarpus sinuatus

STENOCARPUS SINUATUS, Firewheel or Rotary Tree. The name is derived from Stenos, meaning narrow, and Karpos, fruit, being an allusion to the usually narrow, nearly flat seed containers. The tree comes to us from the bushlands of northern New South Wales and southern Queensland, Australia. The tree is illustrated here, and one can see the brilliant orangy-red firewheels that account for it also being called the Rotary tree because these flowers resemble the Rotary symbol. When a branch with blooms is cut, and the stem crushed, it keeps for weeks indoors as a floral decoration.

KOELREUTERIA HENRYI, Chinese Flame Tree or Flame Golden Rain Tree. This specie is more sensitive to cold than the commonly seen Koelreuteria paniculata, the Golden Rain Tree. The latter is one of the oldest cultivated trees in history, having been known since ancient times as Tuan. The leaves were formerly employed in making a black dye and the flowers for a yellow dye. In ancient times it was the official tree for graves. Another name for paniculata is "Pride of China"; the tree originally flourished in oriental gardens and beautified shrines in China, Korea and Japan. The tree was named for Joseph Gottlieb Koelreuter, a German naturalist who was one of the early botanists to realize that plants, as well as animals, possess sex. He published his findings in a book on hybrid plants in 1760, but his "revolutionary ideas" found little acceptance among horticulturists of his time.

EUCALYPTUS FICIFOLIA, Flame Eucalyptus. The tree originally came from a very restricted area in South-West Western Australia, an area said to be no larger than three or four hundred acres. Today there are few countries in the world which do not cultivate the scarlet-flowering gum. This tree is fast disappearing from the Australian landscape, due to a disease which affects the bark and brings about an eventual collapse. Recently a prominent Australian nurseryman inquired as to the possibility of securing seed from New Zealand, as he had sought supplies throughout his country without success.

JACARANDA ACUTIFOLIA, Sharpleaf. There are some 60 different kinds of Jacaranda and both Brazil and Argentina claim it as a native. They call it Palo De Buba, Guarupa Ferntree and Jacaranda. This most beautiful of all blue flowering trees has been planted in cities of tropical and subtropical climate throughout the world by the thousands. One of the most spectacular plantings is along a street in Grafton, New South Wales. During blooming season Pretoria, South Africa lives in a blue haze, as the entire city street system has been planted with this one tree. Quick-flowering Jacaranda trees are being produced now in South Florida by grafting buds from aged blooming trees onto tiny seedlings. The wood is blue and polishes very well. Several related species yield a dark Jacaranda wood for furniture and piano cases.

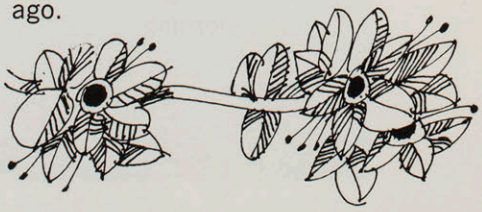
TABEBUIA CHRYSOTRICHA does not seem to have a common name. Its lopacho wood is of economic value, being very dense and resistant to rot or decay. The beams of the Cathedral of Old Panama are said to be of Tabebuia guayacan wood and remain sound although exposed to the weather for 250 years. One specie, the Yellow Poui, produces wood that weighs from sixty to eighty-two pounds a single cubic foot. The flowers are large bright yellow trumpets and it is native to rocky soils in the mountains of Rio, Brazil.

MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA. Everyone seems to know the Magnolia. Its creamy flower is the State flower of both Louisiana and Mississippi and is identified with the Old South. In cultivation since 1734, it is perhaps the most valued flowering tree of American origin in the horticultural world abroad. After the huge flowers are gone a cone develops with seeds that are the size and shape of beans. A perfume is made from these seeds which possesses the same sweet, delicate scent as the flowers. Several selected forms have been propagated in the West. One of the best known of these is "Supreme," a selection introduced by Monrovia Nurseries.

CHORISIA SPECIOSA, Floss Silk Tree. This tree is closely related to the Ceibas (Kapok Tree). It is sometimes called floss silk because of the silky material to which the small, pea-like seeds are attached when the seed capsule opens. This soft silk or cotton is used for pillows, cushions and the like. The name "Palo borracho," drunken stick tree, has sometimes been given to the tree because of the way it leans. The tree is indigenous to Brazil and the Missions region in Argentina. Two widely-known specimens have created attention in Los Angeles for many years. One, at the Bel Air Hotel, is 75 feet tall, was planted about 50 years ago by Peter Barnhart, a well-known horticulturist of the era, for a Mr. and Mrs. Danziger, who then owned the property. The other of note is at the Southern California Automobile Club, 2601 South Figueroa; this is not quite as tall as the Bel Air tree, has fewer spines, is completely bare of leaves when in bloom and the flowers are a darker rose with a white star-like center.

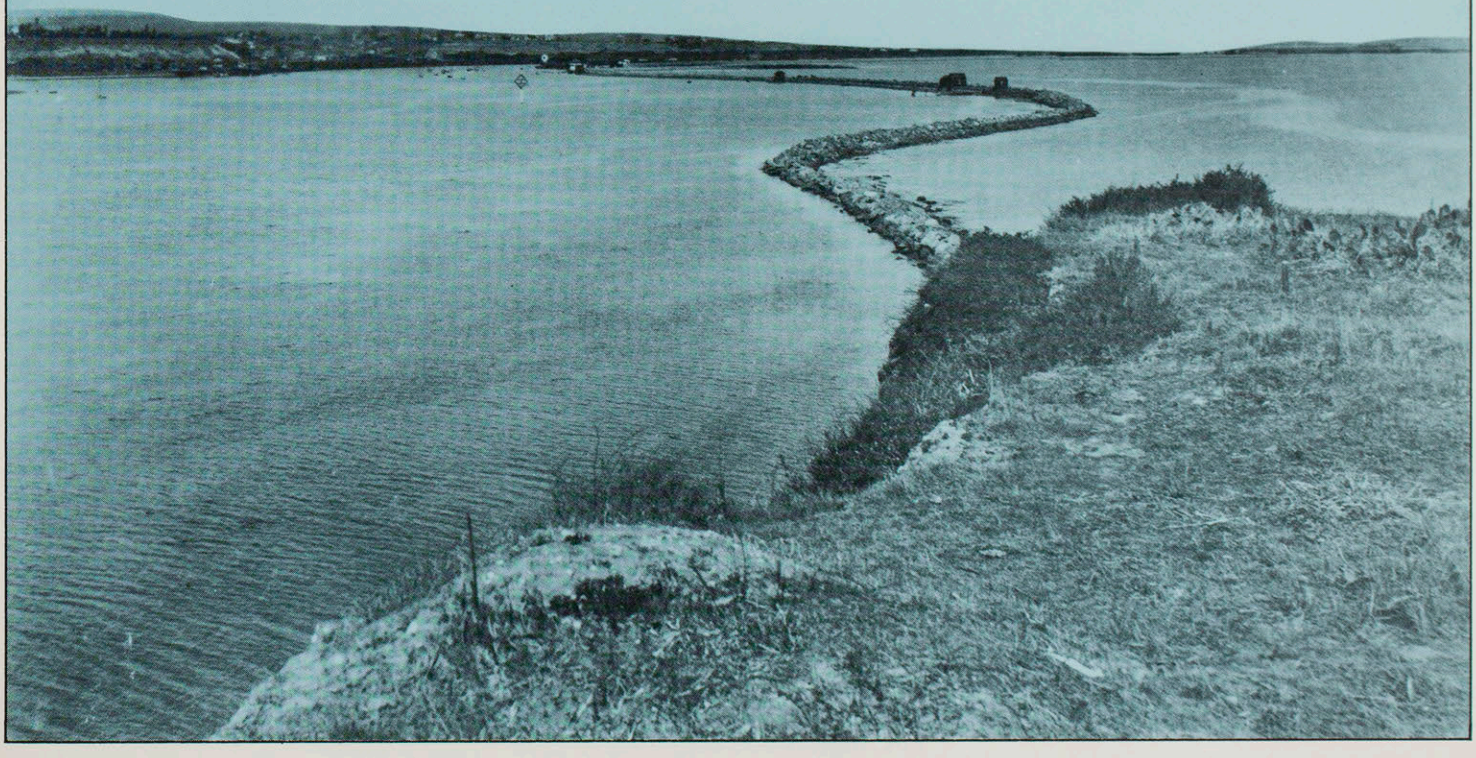
LAGERSTROEMIA INDICA, Crepe Myrtle. The continual shedding of the bark is interesting; this tree sheds bark as other trees shed leaves. The bark flakes off in plates or strips, leaving smooth, polished trunks. The white flowering form is favored for moonlight gardens in India.

CASSIA LEPTOPHYLLA, Gold Medallion Tree. Many species of Cassia are happy only in the truly tropical areas of the world. Cassia leptophylla is one that flourishes in Southern California climate as well. This beauty, illustrated here was introduced into Santa Barbara, California, many years ago.



The Million-Dollar Mud Flat

by **Robert A. Weinstein**
Research Associate
History of Photography



San Pedro, Calif. 1898
Point Fermin
Lighthouse, Ocean

Perhaps the present-day harbor at San Pedro is really a clever illusion. It was known to the early Coast Indians as the Bay of Smokes, to the early Spaniards as La Bahia de San Pedro, and to most present-day Southern Californians as San Pedro. To the early inhabitants, there was little visible evidence to support the notion of transforming the bay into a useful, deep-water harbor. As a harbor, it was a natural flop.

Like many Pacific Coast bays that receive the summer run-off of melting winter snows, this little Bahia was bar-bound. Bar-bound is a sailor's term and it simply means that the accumulation of river-borne sand, shaped by the currents into long bars found at the mouths of rivers, so reduces the depth of water that almost no ocean-going vessel could pass over the bar safely. Unprotected from bitter winds, riddled with sand bars at high water, and studded with mud flats at low tide, the little bay was seldom used in early California history.

Sitting alone near the west arm of the crescent-shaped bay was a small island known to us today as Dead Man's Island. Some wise citizen saw fit to build a curving line of rock connecting that island with the mainland. Known as Rattlesnake Spit, it formed the seaward edge of the first channel in the harbor-to-be. As the water rushed through this narrow channel, it tended to scour the sand-riffled bottom clean, deepening the channel so that smaller vessels and flat-bottomed barges might pass over the bar in safety.

For many years, Phineas Banning, the erstwhile Father of Los Angeles Harbor, used to contract to discharge waiting cargo-laden vessels outside the bar in deep water. The cargoes were loaded into Banning-owned barges and lighters, towed by Banning-owned sidewheeler tugboats into a Banning-owned dock and there unloaded and transported by Banning-owned horse-drawn stages to waiting Los Angeles.

Los Angeles was beginning to grow and needed building materials. General cargo aplenty came into San Pedro, but lumber was king. Lumber made fortunes for investors and lumber forced the need for a proper port.

In quick time, a steady program of privately-financed channel deepening and dredging was undertaken. Although it was inadequate to the need, it helped a great deal. The port began serious growth, slowly, ever slowly, but steadily.

A deep-water port of substance was desperately needed by the city of Los Angeles for the economic growth of the entire area. Almost all Los Angelenos were quite delighted with the successful efforts being made in Washington by Senator Stephen H. White to secure Federal assistance for harbor development. What the good citizens of Los Angeles unfortunately could not agree on was **where** in the Los Angeles area the deep-water port should be built. The choices were San Pedro, Redondo Beach, and Santa Monica. Involved in the decision, and deeply so, were the antagonists: The Southern Pacific Railroad, the city of Los Angeles, and the former Nevada Senator, John Jones, of Santa Monica.

The choice developed into a prolonged and bitter struggle producing lengthy Federal hearings, torrents of invectives, some of it very, very salty and, finally, a Federal decision to build the harbor at San Pedro. Millions of dollars were appropriated, breakwaters were built, channels were deepened, the holding ground was charted more carefully, and the beginnings of the serious transformation of San Pedro into a modern harbor were at last under way.

To finance the necessary expansion of wharf and docking facilities, the city of Los Angeles offered eleven millions in exchange for the incorporation of the town of San Pedro into the city of Los Angeles. Accompanied by a torrent of heated words, the deed was done and the resulting geographical umbilical cord between Los Angeles and San Pedro is still known as "the shoe-string annexation."

Timms Landing 1876.
The town of San Pedro
is nestled in the
canyon at left

Evan's Fleet in
San Pedro Harbor

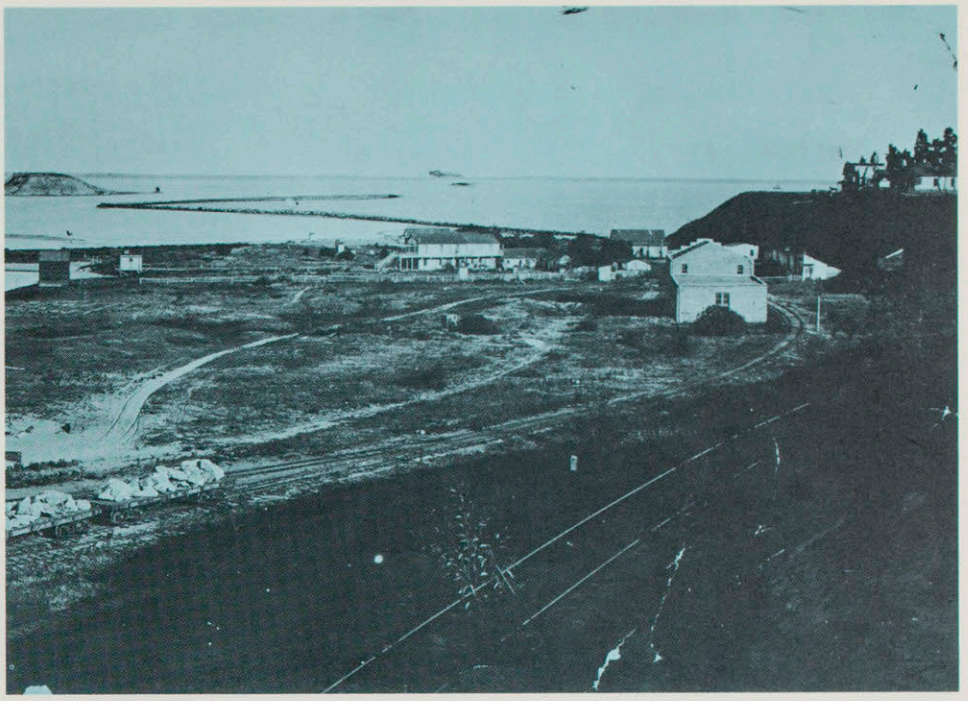
San Pedro, Calif.
Breakwater

The developing growth of the harbor provided a much-needed southern facility for our Pacific Fleet, a significant gateway for expanding Far Eastern trade, a satisfactory port for a rapidly growing coastwise passenger and cargo trade and a first-rate base for a splendid fishing and canning industry in San Pedro.

The passing years have witnessed almost unbelievable development and growth in the port area. The town has become a major urban area and, perhaps most amazing, is the creation of Terminal Island, a totally man-made facility replacing salt water with firm ground. What was once a curving bay of shoaling salt water and mud flats, has now become one of the great man-made ports of the world, as well as a major trade gateway of inestimable importance for the city of Los Angeles.

Not too many years ago, standing on Point Fermin so that he might carefully survey the hoped-for-port area, was the Senator from Maine, William Frye. Head of a Senate committee to recommend Federal funds for harbor development, the Senator's estimate and understanding were important. Turning to the assembled party, Senator Frye said, "If the Good Lord in his wisdom had meant you people of Los Angeles to have a harbor here, he would certainly have given you something to start with."

Perhaps the Senator knew something no one has ever understood. Perhaps this mighty harbor is really an illusion. Or, perhaps the now-departed Senator from Maine ? ? ? ? ?



San Pedro, 1930
Inner Harbor

San Pedro,
E. K. Wood
Lumber Co.

following page
Maps showing
territory annexed
to the city
of Los Angeles

HISTORY

NO.	DATE	ORDINANCE	NAME	HOW OBTAINED	ACRES	SQ. MILES	TOTAL SQ. MILES
1	1781-GRANT	1850-INCORP.	ORIGINAL CITY	SPANISH GRANT	17924.6	28.01	28.01
2	AUG 29, 1859		SOUTHERN EXTENSION	ANNEXATION	769	1.20	29.21
3	FEB 8, 1887	3688(NS)	HIGHLAND PARK	ANNEXATION	804	1.26	30.47
4	APR 1, 1889	4007(NS)	SOUTHERN & WESTERN	ANNEXATION	6611	10.18	40.65
5	JUNE 11, 1895	5755(NS)	GARVANZA	ANNEXATION	640	0.93	41.58
6	JUNE 12, 1899	6534(NS)	UNIVERSITY	ANNEXATION	1280	2.00	43.58
7	DEC 26, 1906	1344(NS)	SHOESTRING	ANNEXATION	11931	18.65	61.90
8	AUG 28, 1909	1814(NS)	WILMINGTON	CONSOLIDATION	6338	9.93	71.83
9	AUG 28, 1909	1815(NS)	SAN PEDRO	CONSOLIDATION	10240	16.00	87.83
10	OCT 21, 1909	1835(NS)	COLGROVE	ANNEXATION	5519	8.14	95.16
11			HOLLYWOOD	ANNEXATION	4459	6.97	102.13
12	FEB 28, 1910	1967(NS)	EAST HOLLYWOOD	ANNEXATION	711	1.11	103.24
13	FEB 28, 1910	1968(NS)	ARROYO SECO	ANNEXATION	6416	6.50	107.74
14	MAR 14, 1910	1977(NS)	DAVIS	ANNEXATION	640	1.00	108.74
15	MAY 12, 1910	2015(NS)	SAN FERNANDO	ANNEXATION	108192	169.05	277.80
16	FEB 28, 1911	2167(NS)	ALHAMBRA	ANNEXATION	5888	9.20	287.00
17	JUNE 14, 1911	2194(NS)	WESTGATE	ANNEXATION	31169	48.69	335.69
18	JUNE 14, 1911	2195(NS)	MCCANNA	ANNEXATION	640	1.00	336.69
19	FEB 28, 1912	2367(NS)	OWENSMOUTH	ANNEXATION	5888	9.20	345.89
20	JUNE 19, 1912	2495(NS)	WEST CHATSWORTH	ANNEXATION	7548	11.79	357.68
21	JUNE 19, 1912	2496(NS)	HOLMES	ANNEXATION	1152	1.80	359.48
22	FEB 10, 1913	2781(NS)	GRIFFITH RANCH	ANNEXATION	145	0.24	359.72
23	APR 11, 1913	2849(NS)	HASKEN HEIGHTS	ANNEXATION	533	0.83	360.55
24	NOV 3, 1913	3084(NS)	PIO PICO	ANNEXATION	30	0.05	360.60
25	NOV 13, 1913	3087(NS)	ORANGE GROVE	ANNEXATION	165	0.33	360.93
26	JUNE 2, 1915	3564(NS)	VAN NUYS-LANKERSHIM	ANNEXATION	1216	1.90	362.83
27	JULY 31, 1919	3908(NS)	HUNTON	ANNEXATION	615	1.01	363.84
28	AUG 9, 1919	3918(NS)	FORT MCARTHUR	ANNEXATION	560	0.88	364.72
29	SEPT 10, 1919	3927(NS)	PARK VIEW	ANNEXATION	160	0.25	364.97
30	SEPT 25, 1919	3937(NS)	HARBOR VIEW	ANNEXATION	19	0.03	365.00
31	FEB 18, 1920	4059(NS)	ST. FRANCIS	ANNEXATION	33	0.05	365.05
32	SEPT 17, 1920	4089(NS)	DE LONGPRE	ANNEXATION	35	0.05	365.10
33	NOV 19, 1920	4085(NS)	CHATSWORTH	ANNEXATION	220	0.34	365.44
34	FEB 28, 1921	4156(NS)	LA BREA	ANNEXATION	5313	8.30	373.74
35	MAR 1, 1921	4159(NS)	MANCHESTER	ANNEXATION	160	0.25	373.99
36	JUNE 2, 1921	4236(NS)	WILMINGTON	CONSOLIDATION	2148	3.36	377.35
37	JUNE 13, 1921	4238(NS)	SAN PEDRO	CONSOLIDATION	1167	1.82	379.17
38	JULY 11, 1921	4239(NS)	ANGELES MESA	ANNEXATION	673	1.05	380.22
39	AUG 31, 1921	4243(NS)	ANGELES MESA NO. 2	ANNEXATION	1216	1.90	382.12
40	OCT 3, 1921	4424(NS)	RIMPAU	ANNEXATION	96	0.14	382.26
41	JAN 18, 1922	4500(NS)	HOOVER	ANNEXATION	160	0.25	382.51
42	JAN 18, 1922	4500(NS)	EVANS	ANNEXATION	160	0.25	382.76
43	MAY 16, 1922	4599(NS)	AMBASSADOR	ANNEXATION	1681	2.63	385.39
44	MAY 16, 1922	4599(NS)	LAUREL CANYON	ANNEXATION	5313	8.30	393.69
45	MAY 17, 1922	4597(NS)	HYDE PARK	CONSOLIDATION	1280	2.00	395.69
46	MAY 17, 1922	4598(NS)	ROCK	ANNEXATION	2170	3.39	399.08
47	MAY 17, 1922	4596(NS)	VERMONT	ANNEXATION	16	0.025	399.105
48	MAY 17, 1922	4595(NS)	LAGUNA	ANNEXATION	53	0.08	399.185
49	DEC 20, 1923	4706(NS)	LANKERSHIM	ANNEXATION	1280	2.00	401.185
50	DEC 20, 1923	4775(NS)	ROSEWOOD	ANNEXATION	320	0.50	401.685
51	DEC 20, 1923	4774(NS)	ACME	ANNEXATION	160	0.25	401.935
52	DEC 20, 1923	4776(NS)	GERSHWIM	ANNEXATION	4800	7.50	409.435
53	FEB 4, 1924	4786(NS)	PROVIDENCIA	ANNEXATION	5088	7.95	417.385
54	FEB 13, 1924	4785(NS)	ARNOLD	ANNEXATION	640	1.00	418.385
55	FEB 13, 1924	4784(NS)	ANNANDALE	ANNEXATION	640	1.00	419.385
56	MAY 7, 1924	4850(NS)	AVENUE 64	ANNEXATION	640	1.00	420.385
57	SEPT 8, 1924	4930(NS)	AVENUE 60	ANNEXATION	640	1.00	421.385
58	SEPT 8, 1924	4931(NS)	FAIRFAX	ANNEXATION	1705	1.88	423.265
59			BAIRD	ANNEXATION		0.50	423.765
60	JAN 8, 1925	5031(NS)	DANTIGER	ANNEXATION		0.14	423.905
61	JAN 30, 1925	5033(NS)	HAMILTON	ANNEXATION	722	0.42	424.325
62	MAR 13, 1925	5096(NS)	VIRTUE	ANNEXATION	1280	2.00	426.325
63	APR 28, 1925	5116(NS)	SANTA MONICA CANYON	ANNEXATION	109	0.17	426.495
64	APR 28, 1925	5115(NS)	BEVERLY GLEN	ANNEXATION	1280	2.00	428.495
65	NOV 17, 1925	5332(NS)	VENICE	CONSOLIDATION	4541	6.10	434.595
66	NOV 17, 1925	5333(NS)	GREEN MEADOWS	ANNEXATION	4288	6.70	441.295
67	MAR 8, 1926	5514	BALDWIN	ANNEXATION	1280	2.00	443.295
68	MAY 14, 1926	5587	WATTS	CONSOLIDATION	1081	1.69	444.985
69	MAY 14, 1926	5588	SUNLAND	ANNEXATION	5248	8.20	453.185
70	NOV 15, 1926	5914?	TUNA CANYON	ANNEXATION	4310	6.61	459.795
71	MAR 7, 1927	6056	MAR VISTA	ANNEXATION	3152	4.28	464.075
72	MAR 7, 1927	6055	BARNES CITY	CONSOLIDATION	1280	2.00	466.075
73	JUNE 11, 1927	6165?	BRAYTON	ANNEXATION	48	0.075	466.150
74	JUNE 11, 1927	6165(1)	WIGEBURN	ANNEXATION	51	0.08	466.230
75	NOV 17, 1927	6318	WHITE POINT	ANNEXATION	69	0.01	466.240
76	FEB 17, 1930	6607	SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD YARD	ANNEXATION	562.5	0.87	467.110
77	FEB 17, 1930	6610	VICENTIA	ANNEXATION	16	0.04	467.150
78	AUG 1, 1930	6686	SENTNEY	ANNEXATION	612	9.01	476.160

MUSEUM SPOTLIGHT

Mrs. Stuart's Generosity

Mrs. E. Hadley Stuart, Jr., newest member of the Museum's Board of Governors, began her term by supporting Vertebrate Paleontology's field trip to the South Dakota Badlands during August and September. Museum personnel on the trip included Dr. J. R. Macdonald, Senior Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology; Floyd O. Humeston and Donald B. Cocke, Preparators; and Douglas J. Macdonald, Chairman of the Museum Alliance. The trip was very successful as desirable additions were made to the Museum's reference collection from the late Oligocene Protoceras channels and the early Miocene Sharps formation. Several heretofore unknown animals were discovered. Mrs. Stuart's generosity not only covered the expenses of the trip but also provided funds for the employment of student workers to prepare some of the material collected by the field party.

Preparator Wins Trophy

On September 11, 1966, James Zordich, preparator in Industrial Technology, was honored at the 19th Annual Horseless Carriage Club of America National Tour at Yosemite National Park. On this tour the President's Trophy was awarded to him for his 1907 Auburn Touring Car, which he has completely restored. In the estimation of Mr. Sandy Grover, President of the Horseless Carriage Club of America, the Auburn was deemed the most interesting car on the Yosemite Tour.

The award was significant in two respects: first, it marked the first time that a President's Trophy had been awarded on an Horseless Carriage Club Annual National Tour and, second, the Auburn won in a competition that included 120 beautifully restored antique cars.

Next summer the Auburn will be traveling north for the 20th Annual Horseless Carriage Club of America National Tour in Seattle, Washington.

Sibley First President of AABE

Miss Gretchen Sibley, Education Specialist in Science, has been elected as first president of the Association for the Advancement of Biomedical Education for 1966-1968. The Association has been in existence for six years. Miss Sibley has served as secretary-treasurer for the past four years.

The AABE is an association of many educational organizations in Los Angeles County. These include the County Museum of Natural History, UCLA, USC, Cal Tech, Occidental College, Los Angeles City Schools, Los Angeles County Schools, the Southern California Industry-Education Council and others.

Miss Sibley's work with the Museum Natural Science Workshop and Dr. Harry Sobel's program of research opportunities for high school students were important in creating the interest that started the organization of AABE. A number of additional programs have been started by AABE to augment the training of outstanding high school science students. This includes conferences on updating and coordinating science education on all educational levels. Another well known program is the Christmas Lectures for high school students. These were first held in the Museum Auditorium. The capacity was soon exhausted and the lectures have now been moved to Bovard Auditorium at USC.

Dr. Herbert Friedmann, director of the Museum, is now serving on the Advisory board for AABE.

Los Angeles County Museum
Exposition Park, Los Angeles 7, California
Return Requested